



BABY'S PLAY GROUND IS A PRISON WARD.

Mother Allowed by a Tender-Hearted Judge to Keep the Infant.

She Will Have to Stay in the Kings County Penitentiary for Eleven Months.

CHILD'S FATHER HAS DISAPPEARED.

Though Mrs. Mary C. Miller, Formerly a School Teacher, Committed Frauds, It Is Said She Is More Sinned Against Than Sinning.

Baby Miller is sixteen months old. When he lived, with his mother, in Alabama avenue, Brooklyn, he had juvenile neighbors to associate with and plenty of liberty to toddle about in the yard and on the sidewalk. He couldn't talk much nor understand a great deal, but this much he knew—there was plenty of room to play and a great many bright things to see when he was there.

"Baby" is now the only child in a community of 1,075 people, and his freedom is restricted as much as theirs. His house is a little room, 6x8 feet, of wrought iron lattice work, and his playground is a long, cheerless corridor, with other rooms like his fronting on it. These rooms, forty-one of them, are occupied by women, who, like "Baby's" mother, are paying the penalty for infractions of the law. But the child, while helping to pay the penalty, is supposed not to know that he is a prisoner in the Kings County Penitentiary and likely to remain there the next eleven months. Under Warden Jones, who does not want him ever to know it, said: "Don't mention his name; just call him 'Baby.'"

WHO BABY'S MOTHER IS. Baby's mother is Mrs. Mary C. Miller. She is in no way like the other prisoners in the women's ward. She is a modest, refined appearing woman, who looks as though she belonged anywhere but there. Her friends think that if the mystery of her career were explained she would be found more sinned against than sinning.

She lived, when arrested on February 21, at No. 300 Alabama avenue, with her husband, John F. Miller, who is a machinist by trade. The complaint was made by Samuel F. Pettit, of No. 725 Prospect place. She had induced him to cash a fraudulent check for \$40. Her husband was arrested at the same time, but Mrs. Miller declared that he was innocent and he was discharged. Investigations which followed her arrest implicated her in a great many offences of similar nature, to one of which, on the advice of her lawyer, George B. Alexander, of No. 56 William street, she pleaded guilty, and was sentenced on Monday to eleven months in the Penitentiary.

Mrs. Miller went to Brooklyn from Washington about three years ago, when she was Miss French. She called on General B. C. King with letters from his friends, and soon after, through his interest, obtained employment as a teacher in Public School No. 14. Her work was satisfactory, and she soon had a wide circle of friends. She joined Dr. Lindsay Parker's church, taught in the Sunday school, and became prominent in the work of the Brooklyn Young Women's Christian Association.

UNFORTUNATE IN MARRIAGE. After a time she resigned her position in the school and married. She did not, it is said, live happily with her husband. Until her queer financial transactions were made public by her arrest she was considered a model woman.

Her operations, the police claim, involve large amounts, and have been, as a rule, adroitly concealed. Through her acquaintance with General King she has passed worthless checks, so it is said, on Dr. Raymond, of the Board of Education, Dr. Hamhart, and other of his friends, for amounts aggregating several hundred dollars. Small tradesmen were losers by the same process. Just prior to her arrest she had deposited, under the name of Margaret Sullivan, a worthless check for \$2,000 at the Brevoort Bank, and another for \$5,000 at the Bedford Bank. In each case the fraud was detected before money had been drawn. Four indictments had been returned against her for forgery and grand larceny.

She pleaded guilty to the charge of obtaining \$500 from Lawyer Cone by a fraudulent check, and the remaining indictments were not pressed.

Baby Miller was in court day before yesterday, when sentence was passed. When Lawyer Alexander asked that the mother be allowed to keep her child with her, Baby twined his arms around the mother's neck and kissed her. Tears stood in the Justice's eye as he gave his consent.

Baby's father has not appeared, and the child is still in prison.

SWAM WITH HIS PLUNDER.

Youth Robbed His Employer, then Crossed Buzzard's Bay with the Booty on His Person.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., April 14.—Frank Bush, alias La Mar, sixteen years old, looted the house of his employer of valuables yesterday and then swam Buzzard's Bay to escape.

In the afternoon Mr. Manniman, for whom he worked, and his wife had occasion to come over to the village. They were not absent more than two hours, but that was ample time for Bush to do his work. When Bush left the house he went as far as the bay shore, and walked along until nearly opposite the Summer home of President Cleveland, where the bay is narrow and the water not very deep. Here, without removing even his shoes, he started to wade across, but the tide was not on the ebb, and Bush was obliged to swim in order to reach the opposite shore.

Bush purchased a ticket for Boston just as the train came into the station, and was proceeding to the train when Officer Chase arrested him. Bush weakened when confronted by Manniman, and voluntarily gave up the goods he had stolen. Jewelry, money and a five-shot revolver were found. The pistol was loaded and Bush asked to be allowed to use it to put as he expressed it, "a bullet through his head."



Mrs. Miller and Her Boy, Who are in Prison Together.

The woman was sentenced on Monday to eleven months imprisonment in the Kings County Penitentiary for having uttered a number of worthless checks. She was once a school teacher in Brooklyn, and had a large circle of friends. The Judge who passed sentence gave her permission to keep her child during her imprisonment.

MISS LILLIAN NOT PLEDGED TO A LORD.

A Joker Takes Strange Liberty with the Name of a Lawyer's Daughter.

Advertises in a Newspaper the Betrothal of Miss Moeran to Lord Percy St. Maur.

FAMILY SAY THE HOAXER IS A THIEF.

Visiting Cards of Mr. Moeran and Note Paper Used by His Wife Taken from Their House—The Matter Will Be Investigated.

A beautiful and attractive New York society girl has been made the victim of a heartless hoax, and her father is now going about vowing vengeance on the practical joker who dared link her name with that of a full-blown branch of the blooming British aristocracy.

The following advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper yesterday:

ENGAGED.
MOERAN-ST. MAUR—Lillian O. Moeran, elder daughter of Edward H. Moeran, of New York, and Lord Percy St. Maur, brother of the present Duke of Somerset and his heir presumptive, April 11.

Mr. Edward H. Moeran is a prominent lawyer, having offices at No. 84 Pine street. When the above advertisement was first brought to his notice, early yesterday afternoon, he hastily flung his briefs and papers aside, called for his coat and hat and prepared to make a hasty trip to his home at No. 53 Irving place.

"This is the first I have heard of this," he said, "and I think if my daughter proposed becoming a duchess I should have known about it. My family are all going into the country at 2:30 o'clock, and I intend to get at the bottom of this matter at once."

A carriage stood at his door when he reached his house. In the hall were Miss Lillian, her mother and other relatives, all ready to start on their trip. Mr. Moeran burst in, and the bogus announcement was exploded before the assembled family like a bomb shell.

Miss Lillian, who is a tall, graceful and exceedingly pretty girl, exhibited a bewitching emotion which was a mixture of indignation and amusement at the humorous but embarrassing position in which she had been placed. She denied, however, that there was the slightest foundation for the announcement, at the same time admitting that she had met Lord St. Maur in England and had been much in his society.

It was afterward learned that letters an-

nouncing the engagement had been sent to the New York newspapers. Curiously enough, these were written upon letter paper bearing the Moeran crest. Private visiting cards of the head of the family were enclosed.

Mrs. Moeran said in explanation of these facts: "The paper must have been stolen. It is some of a kind that we have not used for months, and I have noticed that a box of Mr. Moeran's cards is missing from the top of the bureau. The paper, too, was kept only in my room, or my husband's."

Miss Lillian's younger sister was more communicative as to her suspicions of the perpetrator of the hoax. "I feel certain," said she, "that the idea originated at the Robb-Livingston wedding. We attended the reception, and one of the guests insisted upon congratulating Lillie on her engagement to Lord St. Maur, although she firmly denied that any such thing existed. Way, Lillie has not seen him for a year, and he has never been in this country."

"It is true," continued the young lady, "that when Lillie was staying near Ascot, in England, Lord St. Maur often drove her down to Ascot in his dogcart, when the rest of the house party went on the drag. If people did not know that they were staying with the same friends they probably might have thought something of it."

"Could Lord St. Maur have put the advertisement in himself?" asked Mr. Moeran. This idea was scouted by the ladies, and when the family had departed the angry father immediately set about undoing the effect of the hoax. "Why, this will be in every paper in England to-morrow," he said. "Congratulatory cabigrams were dispatched and every local newspaper office was visited and denials demanded. Mr. Moeran said that efforts would be made to trace the perpetrator of the hoax. 'I shall not cease until I have made whoever it may be suffer to the utmost for publicly holding my daughter up to ridicule,' said the angry lawyer."

Lord Percy St. Maur, son of the fourteenth Duke of Somerset, is forty-nine years old, having been born with his twin brother, Lord Ernest, in 1847. He is a retired major of the First Battalion of Royal Fusiliers.

His father, the late Duke, Algernon Percy Banks St. Maur, married Lady Charlotte Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton. The present Duke, Lord Percy's elder brother, Algernon, has only held the title a year or two. In 1877 he married Susanna Margaret, daughter of Charles Mackinnon, Esq.

The family residences are No. 23 Berkeley Square, London; Malvern Bradley House, Wiltshire; Berry Pomeroy, Newton Abbott, Devonshire; and Burton Hall, Lancashire.

Mrs. Arthur J. Peabody, of No. 15 West Tenth street, said last night:

"I know nothing whatever of the hoax played upon Miss Moeran, and I never even heard the name of Lord St. Maur until today. "When returning from Miss Robb's wedding reception I was in the same Fourth avenue car with Miss Moeran, and I remember on that occasion she congratulated me on the engagement of my daughter. To this I replied something to the effect that perhaps I might have to pleasure of congratulating her before long. She laughingly replied: 'Nothing of the sort.' That is absolutely all that passed."

SUMMER HERE TO STAY.

Yesterday Almost Broke the Record for April 14—Showers Expected To-night.

The mercury was just 2 degrees short of being the hottest day yet for 1896, and by the same margin it missed being the hottest April 14 on record.

As 1880 holds that record with 75 degrees. The mercury in Mr. Dunn's thermometer at 3 o'clock had only reached 73 degrees, and from that time it dropped steadily. The humidity glass, however, registered 90 per cent at 8 o'clock, and the moist atmosphere brought smiles to the faces of hundreds of laundymen as they saw the wilted linen of the pedestrians.

A hot wave, with its centre at Washington, hung over all the Atlantic States yesterday. Summer has come to stay, if Mr. Dunn's word can be depended upon, and New York young men may now come out in straw hats without the lurking fear that a snowstorm will strike them on their way home. The weather prophet says that the last snow has been seen, and that there is very little prospect of any sort of rain, except the traditional April showers. According to the weather man it will be clear and cooler to-day, with light showers in the evening. As if to make the warm spell even worse than it is, the price of ice has gone up five cents per 100 pounds. This raise was decided upon by the Consolidated and Knickerbocker ice companies nearly a month ago, but was only put into effect last week. This is an increase of one-fifth to the consumer.

Coopers May Go On Strike. More than 1,000 coopers who belong to Local Assembly No. 2,216, Knights of Labor, threaten to strike because of a reduction of one-half a cent for trimming old barrels. A mass meeting has been called for Friday evening, at No. 77 Essex street.

YOU NEVER READ A funnier thing than Bill Nye's "Comic History of England," beginning in next Sunday's Journal—which you should order at once.

THE JUDGE THOUGHT MCCORMACK WAS DYING.

Declared the Trial Adjourned When the Man Staggered Into Court.

He Was Pale and Weak and the Spectators Thought They Was a Ghost.

HAS SEVEN BULLETS IN HIS BODY.

Complainant Said He Didn't Fight Dying Men and Withdrew the Charge. McCormack Will Have Edison Find the Bullets.

Thomas McCormack, of Flatbush, may not be a model citizen in all respects, but he is certainly one of the gamest gentlemen in the State of New York. He is a man who can take the contents of two revolvers into his anatomy, refuse all assistance from the surgeons, walk a mile the day after he is shot and within three weeks voluntarily appear in court to answer a charge of assault when the Judge was about to continue the case because the defendant was dying. With seven bullets in his body, weak, tottering, white as death, bent with cruel pain—but game—he stood in the Grand Street Police Court yesterday to answer his name. The spectators thought they saw a ghost.

McCormack is an ex-convict and an undeniably tough citizen. Four weeks ago he "did up" a man named John Divine, and it was on that charge he appeared in court yesterday. A week later he had a fight with James Lynch in front of the latter's home on Ullica avenue. Lynch fired eleven more shots at him. Seven shots took effect.

They took McCormack to St. Mary Hospital. The doctors said they must cut the bullets or he would die, and the bad man said he guessed he would die. The next day he put on his clothes and walked home—a mile distant from the hospital. An examination showed seven bullets in the man's body, one in the temple, two in the hip, one in the stomach, one in the shoulder and two in the back.

A DRAMATIC SCENE. Yesterday the charge made by Devine came up in court. Justice Steers announced he would continue the case for two weeks, as he understood the defendant was dying.

Just then there was a stir in the rear of the room and McCormack pushed his way through the crowd. "Judge, I'm nearly done," he said. "Can I sit down? I've come to answer this charge."

A court officer hurried forward with a chair and the defendant threw himself into it. "Go on with the trial," he said. "I'm ready."

Devine stepped forward and looked pityingly at his old enemy. Then he said: "Judge, I'd like to withdraw this charge. I don't fight dying men."

"The case is dismissed," said Justice Steers.

McCormack smiled grimly and nodded his thanks.

"The bullets are in me yet," he said, after the trial. "Say, I'm going to see a man named Edison. The doctor says he'll work the X rays on me and find those bullets."

Lynch is in jail. He was held without bail on a charge of attempted murder.



HOUSE FULL OF MONEY.

Fifteen Thousand Dollars Found Secreted in the Home of an Aged Couple.

Peekskill, N. Y., April 14.—When Henry Moore died about a year ago he left no will. His widow followed him a few months later, and she, too, left no directions for the disposal of the small property they were supposed to own. Ex-Judge William M. Barton and J. M. Shipley, of the Peekskill Savings Bank, were appointed to appraise the estate. They found a package of gold one day in the house, and then a thorough search was made. Gold and securities amounting to \$15,000 were finally discovered in the nooks of the house as follows:

One red purse containing \$40 in gold; one black purse with \$60 in gold; buckskin purse with \$155 in gold; a white paper parcel, containing \$40; one small bag of gold, \$125; a small stocking, with \$210 in gold; a small brown purse had \$40 in gold and \$211 in currency; a black pocketbook, \$311; another stocking, \$745 in gold; a brown leather purse, with \$85, were among the discoveries.

Bank books showed the following amounts in the bank: Irving Savings Institution, \$2,002.27; Peekskill Savings Bank, \$1,282; same bank, \$3,060; Westchester County Bank, \$2,320. There was also an envelope marked with the name of Battle was found to the amount of \$4,305. In a muslin wrapper, \$500. Other currency ready. In an old red robe was \$1,050, and Van Buren, which contained \$500 in cur-

CRIPPLED WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Watching by a Dying Youth, She Upset Blazing Turpentine on Her Clothing.

He Sat Up in Bed and Laughed in Delirium at the Flames and Her Terrified Cries.

SHE DIED A FEW HOURS LATER.

She Was a Seamstress, and, Out of Pity, Was Helping Her Neighbors in an Adjoining Flat—Asked Friends to Pray for a Quick Death.

Anne Donovan, aged twenty-six, of No. 305 West Fifth street, was burned in the adjoining flat to her residence yesterday afternoon, and died four hours later in Roosevelt Hospital.

Miss Donovan, who was a cripple, having one leg much shorter than the other, lived with her sister on the top floor of the apartment house No. 305 West Fifth street. She supported herself by making neckties at home while her sister went out to work at a factory on Hudson street.

In the next flat to the Donovan sisters live a large family of three generations named Purdy. Charles Purdy, a youth of seventeen, lies in the last stages of consumption, and his death is hourly looked for. He is and has been for days in a state of delirium, and his frenzied ravings excited the pity of the crippled seamstress.

The Purdy family are nearly prostrated with grief and overwork, and Miss Donovan would often look in to comfort the aged grandmother or nurse the baby, and lend such assistance as she could.

The doctor ordered that turpentine fumes should be employed in the room yesterday morning to ease the breathing of the dying boy. A tin can containing the inflammable fluid was procured, and as the day was hot and the stove cold, this can was set upon a globe over a lighted gas jet in the middle of the room.

Miss Donovan volunteered to attend to this. While she was immediately beneath it it boiled over, and in an effort to save it the crippled little woman jumped up and upset the apparatus.

The turpentine was poured upon her, and in an instant she was ablaze from head to foot.

Her terrible shrieks aroused the invalid boy, who sat up and laughed loudly in his delirium. The woman rushed out into the passage, and was met by William Feldmann, who lives in the same floor. Mr. Feldmann says that at this time she was simply a huge pillar of flame, which roared and seethed up to the ceiling. He caught her as she attempted to throw herself over the banisters, and his wife quickly brought blankets and rugs, which he attempted to wrap around her. She fought so furiously that he had to throw her down, and then he rolled her in bedding and flames, and he succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

By this time, however, all clothing was gone, and her body was burned in a horrible manner. She was perfectly conscious, and moaned incessantly: "Pray, pray all of you, that I may have a quick death."

She was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, but from the moment of her arrival the doctors looked upon her death as certain. Although she repeatedly said, "Don't let my poor sister know what has happened," the sister was sent for, and arrived at the hospital within an hour or two. After suffering the most excruciating tortures, Anna Donovan died soon after 6.

Charles Purdy was still alive last night, but it was believed then would die before the morning.

CONSIDINE'S MOTHER WEEPS FOR JOY.

Faithful Woman Overcome When Her Son Escapes Punishment.

The Jury Declares That the Slayer of John J. Malone Is Not Guilty of Murder.

HE LEAVES PRISON A FREE MAN.

The Homicide for Which He Was Tried Committed Over a Year Ago—Spent All the Time in the Tombs.

Michael Considine, who had been on trial since Thursday, charged with the murder of John J. Malone, on the night of January 28, 1895, in front of the St. James Hotel, on Broadway, was acquitted yesterday after two hours' deliberation by the jury.

Considine was confined in the Tombs for more than a year, and during this long period his mother and sister never allowed a day to go by without seeing him. They were present yesterday when the verdict of not guilty was announced. As soon as it had been communicated to Mrs. Considine, she uttered a scream and would have fallen had not assistance been rendered. She rushed to her son, threw her arms around his neck and repeatedly kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

As the jury left the box Considine shook hands with each member and also with Assistant District Attorneys Lewis and Hennessy, who conducted the prosecution. He then left the court room with a group of friends and relatives and went to the Tombs, where he said good-by to the officials.

Considine was cool throughout the proceedings.

Abraham F. Rosenthal, a pawnbroker's clerk, of No. 447 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, was the first witness in the Considine case yesterday morning. He testified that a silver watch was pawned in the name of Considine on January 2, 1895.

James M. Lathrop, an employee of the New York Hospital, testified that Malone was brought to the hospital January 28, 1895, and that he died in the institution. When Malone came in he said to the witness, "I have been shot and I want a doctor immediately." He walked up the stairs himself. He carried a cane. The cane which Malone carried was here exhibited, and Miss Malone, the sister of the dead man, identified it as one which had belonged to her brother.

Patrolman Sheridan told the story of the shooting and the case was given to the jury, which returned the verdict of acquittal.

KISSES ARE WORTH \$50.

John V. Stoppole Steals One from Mrs. Fred H. Blank and Must Pay Her at That Rate.

The value of a kiss was the question decided by a jury in Special Session yesterday. The complaining witness was Mrs. Fred H. Blank, of No. 77 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and the alleged kisser was John V. Stoppole, of No. 150 Broadway.

The complainant testified that Stoppole called at her house on March 4. When she opened the door, she says, Stoppole seized her and gave her a resounding smack. She went out whistling.

When Mrs. Blank told her husband he was angry. He went to court.

The case came up yesterday. Stoppole said he didn't kiss Mrs. Blank said he did, and the jury decided that she was in a position to know. The fine of the kiss was fixed at \$50 and Mr. Stoppole paid it.



Felix Leo, King of the Zoo, Has Fits.

Old Felix Leo, the king of beasts at the Central Park Zoo, has reformed. He no longer indulges in fits—those appalling gyrations that made the hair of the keeper stand on end, and drove Baby Iris in terror to the bottom of her tank. Bromide in wholesale doses cured the colicky lion of his malady when all other nostrums had failed. He now swears by bromide in fifty-grain powders.

A lion in the throes of a fit furnishes a sublimely terrific spectacle, according to those who have been present during the exercises. Both the lions and tigers, old and young, and even the laughing hyena are subject to fits, but the aged lion in the middle cage was the most pronounced victim of the fit habit. He caused the keepers no end of trouble and loss of sleep, sitting up nights to administer hot poultices and catnip tea. The last attack of fits, superinduced by melancholy and an undigested soup bone, was particularly severe. That was several days ago. Old Felix Leo fainted twice inside of half an hour.